

AN
ODE

FOR THE
YEAR MDCCXVII.
TO THE
KING.

*Quo nihil majus melius-ve terris
Fata donavere, bonique Divi,
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priscum.*

By Mr. WICKSTEAD.

L O N D O N:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT between the Two
Temple-Gates in Fleet-Street, 1717.

AND
O D E

FOR THE

YEAR MDCCXVII.

TO THE



K I N G

By the King's command,
I have caused this
to be printed, and
it is hereby declared,
that the same shall
be in full force and
effect, from the first
day of January next
coming.

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LONDON:

Printed by J. Baskett, at the
Printer's Office, in
St. Martin's Lane.

P R E F A C E.

I Don't know what Apology my Reader will admit of, for my giving so lofty a Title to a Number of Verses, which have nothing of the divine Fury of a Poet to recommend them: A Composition, where Fiction as well as the Embellishments of Description and Similitude is entirely wanting. I think I had best frankly own, that as the Numbers were the chief Inducement to my Calling it an Ode; unless the Manner of Expression may be allow'd to distinguish it from Prose, I am afraid it will as little deserve the Name of Poetry. I must, however, say in my own Defence, that, Grandeur of Expression, the most apparent Beauty in Works of this kind, is not always attainable in a Commemoration of Facts we are all conversant with. Yet I can't but think this plain manner of Writing, might by a masterly Hand be render'd the most useful, whatever Virtue or Principle it was intended to inspire. The best Excuse I can make for my own Presumption in undertaking a Task so difficult, is an Observation long since made, that upon the Subject of all others the most Universally Entertaining, they have succeeded the Best, who wrote from their Hearts; I was so secure of this, which I thought the Grand Qualification, that I never examin'd my self about any other. I am sorry, 'tis no Vanity to say, I expect even this Performance shall be judged of, according to the Party the Reader at present

P R E F A C E.

present espouses, and very likely oftner damn'd than approv'd of, on no better a Consideration. Yet, when I reflect, how carefully I have avoided all Bitterness of Expression, I can't apprehend my Publishing it will make me one Enemy, in whose number of Friends I should wish to be reckon'd. But let that happen as it will, if I can so far attain the End of my Writing, as to make one honest Man so much happier than he was, as to be sensible he may be happy if he will, I shall think my Time very well spent, and concern my self very little about any other Consequence.



A N

III
A N
O D E
T O T H E
K I N G.

Serius in coelum redeas, diuque

Lætus intersis Populo Quirini:

Næve te nostris vitis iniquum

Ocyor aura

Tollat.

I.

WHOM now, of All the World calls Great,
Propitious *Cho*, wilt thou Sing:

Whom wilt thou rescue next from Fate,

The Soldier, Patriot, or the King?

II.

The Favourite Name, thy tuneful Theme,

Shall sporting Eccho pleas'd repeat;

Where Rocks, and the resounding Stream,

Return thy Music yet more sweet?

B

Or

III.

Or shady *Pindus* would'st thou chuse,
Or is thy Harp for *Hæmus* strung,
Whose Trees with eager-nodding Boughs
Press'd forwards still, as *Orpheus* sung?

IV.

Forced by new Powers, and strange Desire,
To hear him Torrents stay'd their Fall,
The rushing Winds stop'd to admire,
And Oaks found Ears t'attend his Call.

V.

The *Mother* Muse her Darling's Tongue
With Harmony might well inspire;
His be the Notes----- a nobler Song
Shall grace the *Briton's* generous Lyre.

VI.

Britain presents the long-sought Theme,
No *Greek* or *Roman* Bard cou'd find,
Presents her *GEORGE*, and boasts in *Him*,
The Soldier, King, and Patriot join'd.

VII.

When *Rome* and Arts attain'd their height;
Born under an auspicious Star,
Augustus grasp'd the Helm of State,
Not less approv'd in Peace, than War.

Well

VIII.

Well skill'd in all the various Parts,
His infant Tyranny requir'd;
The great Encourager of Arts
Soon found his Poets were inspir'd.

IX.

Their Harps with flattering Sounds repay'd
Th' Imperial Patron's skillful Cost:
But whilst th' applauded Artists play'd,
The *Roman* Liberty was lost.

X.

GEORGE Triumphs in a nobler Cause:
By Him reviving Patriots see
Religion flourish, with their Laws;
Their Conscience, as their Country, free.

XI.

By him, unaw'd his *Britons* plead
The valu'd Rights their Charters claim:
And Laymen judge as well as read,
Nor dread the Priests avenging Flame.

XII.

To GEORGE the balmy Sweets we owe,
That spread their grateful Bloom in Peace,
By his mild Influence rais'd they blow,
And by his Hand manur'd, increase.

Whilst

XIII.

Whilst GEORGE our tender Guardian reigns,
 The Subjects Ease rewards his Care;
 Security makes blest our Plains,
 And loaded Months bring on the Year.

XIV.

Whilst HE protects us, Civil Rage
 Damps not the Pleasures of the Spring;
 Calm Evenings sooth inactive Age,
 And unalarm'd the Muses sing.

XV.

No Cares disturb the Traveller's Mind,
 What Convoys may protect his Life;
 Nor Fears he, when return'd, to find
 A plunder'd House, or ravish'd Wife.

XVI.

On downy Quilts rich Merchants sleep,
 On downy Quilts they call their own:
 Nor hopes the Hind, in vain, to reap
 The Harvest which Himself has sown.

XVII.

What Fury cou'd the Scheme inspire,
 Form'd to disturb this blissful State?
 What Rebel Breast nurs'd Rage so dire,
 To urge his own, and Country's Fate?

To

XVIII.

To Chains, for Freedom wou'd you fly?
Or is Revenge so dear become,
That with your Wealth and Blood you'd buy
The Blessing to be Slaves to *Rome*?

XIX.

Degenerate *Britons*! is't for this
You brand the Justice of the Law,
Praise Ages pass'd of fancy'd Bliss,
And wish those Times you never saw?

XX.

Shou'd some kind God for once restore
That Golden Age, old Poets sing,
'Twou'd ne'er advance your Idol's Power,
The best deserving wou'd be King.

XXI.

GEORGE with unrival'd Rays wou'd shine,
Rays which give Lustre to a Crown;
And by *that* only *Right Divine*,
Add the World's Empire to his own.

XXII.

Already see! the glorious Path
He treads, to check *our* growing Shame:
How violated Public Faith
No longer stains the *British* Name.

XXIII.

Our Treaties now resume their Weight,
Nor are our injur'd Friends afraid,
By a new Treachery of State,
To be a second Time betray'd.

XXIV.

No longer *France* deludes our Eyes;
Dunkirk exalts her Head no more,
Proud in another Name to rise
A costlier Mischief than before.

XXV.

Britain, redeem'd by *GEORGE'S* Care,
Secure may now her Trade increase,
Reap the just Fruits of prosperous War,
And taste with Honour, genuine Peace.

XXVI.

Fair Peace which spreading as his Fame
Diffusive Blessings wide extends;
While hostile Powers revere *HIS* Name,
And rise from *GEORGE'S Britain's* Friends.

XXVII.

But yonder see the teeming North,
Prepar'd as in the Times of Old,
To pow'r her untamed *Vandals* forth;
The Scourges of the Civil World.

Their

XXVIII.

Their Rage on happier Climes is bent;
 Yet, *Britain*, scorn the wild Alarm;
 Thy Guardian Angel will prevent,
 Or GEORGE repel the threaten'd Storm.

XXIX.

Thou best of Kings, thy Equal yet
 The Muse ne'er saw, or may She see,
 But what Thou didst thy Self beget,
 Ought worthy to come after Thee.

XXX.

Near *These*, what impious Pen wou'd dare
 Place any less than *Marlbrô's* Name;
Marlbrô, the boasted Pride of War,
 His Country's Glory, and its Shame.

XXXI.

What Nation, fam'd in bloody Fight,
 More Glory by her Soldier gain'd;
 Or robb'd him of a Soldier's Right,
 By vile Reproach more lewdly feign'd?

XXXII.

Oh *Marlbrô*, might a Verse of mine
 Due Honours to thy Merit give;
 I'd write untir'd, and every Line
 By its own Weight of Truth shou'd live.

Nor

XXXIII.

Nor after thine, wou'd I forget
His Name who guides both Sword and Pen;
So pois'd, 'tis undetermin'd yet
Which Fame shall in the Balance gain.

XXXIV.

But none that love or Arms, or Arts,
Refuse to join in *Stanhope's* Praise:
Pallas her either Gift imparts,
And binds his Brows with both her Bays.

XXXV.

Patron of Arts, with friendly Eyes
Thy Poet's fond Ambition see,
Who vulgar Fame can well despise,
But claims to be approv'd by Thee.

XXXVI.

When *Britain's* home-born worst of Foes
Combin'd to pull her Trophies down;
Soon as they durst their Rage disclose,
With *Sunderland* the Scene begun.

XXXVII.

Above the little Statesman's Air,
Open and clear, resolv'd as Just,
Their Arts but taught 'em to despair
To bend his Virtue from his Trust.

When

XXXVIII.

When *Cowper* charms a Senate's Ears,
 Less powerful is the *Roman* Strain.
 Her own Decrees *Astrea* hears,
 And wishes to return again.

XXXIX.

In every noble Part of War
Cadogan moves, compleatly skill'd;
 Whether it claims a Soldier's Care,
 To win the Trench, or form the Field.

XL.

Yet in no brighter Light, he shews
 How generous Minds true Honour sways,
 Than when he owns how much he owes,
 And triumphs in his *Marlbrô's* Praise.

XLI.

Were all to Gratitude as just,
 No Views the common Foe might bless,
 To form a Party on Disgust,
 And from vain Clamour hope Success.

XLII.

Clio, return to former Times,
These may not bear the Muses Sight:
 No more with too officious Rhimes
 Indulge me in th' offensive Flight.

D

Whilst

XLIII.

Whilst I my darling Task resume,
 Patriots unnam'd my Verse inspire;
 Who when the subtle Aim of Rome
 Guided our noisie Zealots Fire;

XLIV.

When Falshood was *their* sole Support,
 Who gave the Oracles of State,
 When Calumny was nurs'd at Court,
 And Senates Votes gave Scandal Weight;

XLV.

Forc'd the abortive Scheme to light,
 Before they dar'd His Claim not own;
 Where Glorious WILLIAM fix'd the Right,
 And Heav'n has since confirm'd the Crown.

XLVI.

What mighty Thanks, dread Shade, we owe
 To Heav'n and Thee, for this great Deed,
 Superiour Powers can only know,
 Who cou'd foresee from what w're freed.

XLVII.

Drawn in an injur'd Nation's Cause,
 Thy Sword first cut the Grasp of Rome;
 When Power above the reach of Laws,
 Pronounced her Rival Church's Doom.

Thy

XLVIII.

Thy Wisdom next, with pious Care,
To shield us from *Rome's* future Aim;
Elabour'd an eternal Bar
To Superstition's fatal Claim.

XLIX.

So may, as Great *NASSAU* supply'd
To *Britain's* Church a Father's Place,
The Guardians that he did provide,
Protect the last of *British* Race.

L.

Blush, *Holy Matron*, that there are
Who call themselves *true Sons* of thine,
Who curse this Father for his Care,
And at *these* Guardians dare repine.

LI.

Thou know'st them well, much injur'd Shade,
By whom thy great Designs were cross'd;
What Arts deferr'd the promis'd Aid,
'Till half the *short* Campaign was lost.

LII.

This made thee wavering Counsels try,
Thy wayward Enemies to gain;
And lavish Grace, and Trust, to buy
The Faction's worthless Chiefs in vain.

More

LIIIX

More steady thy inveterate Foes
 Stood ready either Game to play;
 When out of Favour, to oppose,
 When in, enabled to betray.

LIV.

'Twas Peace, and *France* our dear Allie,
 'Till Faction beat a fresh Alarm;
 And from vain Dangers rais'd a Cry,
 To force their Monarch to disarm.

LV.

They gain'd their unsuspected Point,
 But soon *we* felt the lurking Sting;
 When *Lewis* shew'd us what they mean't,
 And gave their Zeal its Idol-King.

LVI.

Then broke our *British* Genius forth,
 (Enervate long by fatal Charms,)
 Conscious she blush'd of Native Worth,
 And rais'd her generous Sons to Arms.

LXII.

WILLIAM long strove to set her Free;
 Why did his fullen Stars forbid
 WILLIAM that happy Change should see,
 Or live to bless what *Churchill* did?

More

Alas!

LVIIL.

Alas! MARIA was no more,
 No more the royal Charmer's Smiles
 Cou'd WILLIAM to Himself restore,
 And send him fresh to meet new Toils.

LIX.

MARY was dead, whom Britain strove
 To Bless, in spite of Party Rage;
 Confess'd, by universal Love,
 The *Carolina* of her Age.

LX.

From an indulgent Fate possess'd
 Of every Virtue, every Grace,
 Might make a scepter'd Heroe bless'd,
 She promis'd an immortal Race:

LXI.

But left no promis'd Race behind,
 To heir her Graces when she dy'd;
 Heav'n, to the present Age more kind,
 Has bounteously that Want supply'd.

LXII.

By *Carolina's* Knees they stand,
 Respect and Love at once inspire,
 With their bright Mother's Charms command,
 And sparkle with their Father's Fire.

E

When

LXIII.

When shall our longing *Britain* hold
That other Hope of **GEORGE's** Race;
Whose ripen'd Wit might speak him Old,
E'er the first Down o'er-spread his Face?

LXIV.

Must he not touch our lazy Soil,
Till taught in Toils of War to shine?
Or shall the Manners of our Isle
Too much his growing Worth confine?

LXV.

Whate'er th' important Reason be,
Contented Poets but desire,
Their Grandsons bless'd in *him*, may see
What we do in his Royal Sire.

LXVI.

Thou, whom all Beings must adore,
Thou, whose high Attributes alone,
Of Mercy infinite, as Power,
Above thy **GEORGE's**, *Britons* own;

See

LXVII.

See thy Vice-gerent's Throne maintain'd,
Indulge that Mercy next to thine,
(Rebel, and Party-rage restrain'd,)
With grateful Liberty to shine.

LXVIII.

The measure of *Our* Bliss to fill,
Dispel the Mists that cloud our Eyes;
We may be happy if we will,
Do Thou but grant us to be wise.

F I N I S.

With grateful liberty to shine

IX VIII

The measure of our bills to fill

And the more that glow our eyes;

We may be happy in the will

Do Thou but grant us to be wise

W I N A